

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

VOL. III. No. 23.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

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EVANGELINE BOOTH  
[Commissioner for North-Western America.]

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## ENSIGN PEERS AND THE LOCAL OFFICERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY CORPS AT BARRE, VERMONT.

We opened Barre about nine months ago, have seen about one hundred kneeling at the penitent form, a number of whom have become soldiers, some of them local officers.

The first is Secretary McDonald, who got converted in Scotland under Colonel Jacobs, when a Lieutenant sixteen years ago. He bought a guernsey from the Colonel but did not become a soldier. Came to America about twelve years ago and wandered from God. He was one of the first to start after the opening, became a soldier, put on the guernsey which he had kept unsold for sixteen years.

Treasurer Venlo has been converted some years, but came out in the Army for full salvation, has become a worker, the best "beggar" in the city. Collected \$20 for H. P.

Sergt.-Major Wilson converted about a year before the Army came, but got full salvation and is bound to make the Army a success in Barre.

Convert Sergt.-Major Munroe was converted before the Army came, but got a little more fire and feels the Army is his place.

Color-Sergt. Richards is a two hundred pounder. His voice can be heard over the larger part of the city, but never was he heard in a small room before the Army came. Mrs. Richards is not so strong but can do her part as Band of Love Sergeant. She, too, claimed the blessing of holiness since the Army came to Barre.

War Cry Sergt. Perkins is another who Army has brought from a backslidden state. He works ten hours a day and

sells War Cry nearly every night. He is a worker of the first grade.

Sergt. Wilson was unconverted when the Army came, but through influence was brought to God, and means to drum the devil out of town.

Sergt. Gillespie was converted three years ago at Springfield, Mass. He loves God and the Army. Intends to be true to the Flag.

J. S. Sergt. Hall was saved in the Army ten years ago and feels it is his home. He is in charge of the J. S. war.

These officers are in full uniform, and this is great victory for Barre.

Ensign Peers.

He that gets out of debt grows rich.

He that seeks trouble, never misses it. Forbear not sowing because of birds. Many save their silver and lose their souls.

Make matters of care, matters of prayer.

Many a child is hungry because the brewer is rich.

Old men go to death: death comes to young men.

Many cut broad thongs out of other people's leather.

Make others happy and you will be happy yourself.

Make yourself an ass, and everybody will lay his sack on you.

Man's work lasts till set of sun; woman's work is never done.

The real chosen people of God are those who know His will, and do it.

# Florence Worth

FROM THE STAGE TO THE SALVATION  
ARMY.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN our last issue we had Florence Worth as she first appeared on the stage. This, perhaps, rather premature, as she went through many alternations of hope and discouragement before she succeeded in getting behind the footlights.

One day Florence was at a customer's trying on some dresses, when one of the assistants approached her and said, "Miss Worth, there is a theatrical manager here who would like an introduction."

"Who is it?" asked Florence.  
"Mr. John Coleman."  
Florence felt very flattered to think a bona-fide manager should take an interest in her.



Florence Appears on the Stage as an Artist's Model.

John Coleman was not in a very flourishing condition just then, and was looking for a new "leading lady" to train as a star. With all the traditions of the past at his finger-tips, he was fully qualified to do so. He knew all the mechanic (dodges) of the stage, and was in dead earnest over the business. He believed he found in Florence the one destined to build his fortunes, and the parts he wished her to play were "Juliet" and the heroine of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," which he called "The Yellow Passport."

The Worths had by this time removed from Bayswater to Guildford street, Russell Square. James Worth had gone for a trip to the States, when John Coleman called upon them and offered Florence the entire lead of his stock company, then about to play in Jersey.

"Florence had no fear of the 'parts', but never having been from home before

she went from crossing the Channel alone. Whilst they were considering the matter, however, Mr. White sent for Florence to meet Mr. Mortimer (editor of "Figaro"), who was then producing his adaptation of Alexander Dumas' "Diane de Lys," under the title of "Diane." Fanny Davenport, the famous American actress, was to appear for the first time in England, and they wanted Florence to pose as a model. One who would look the part was essential. He saw her picture in the agent's office, and decided she would do, and engaged her at two guineas per week.

Florence was now actually "on the stage."

She made her first appearance at Toole's as an artist's model. In which character we saw her last week. The papers criticized her very favorably, and predicted for her a very successful career. The play itself was not a success, however, and only lasted one month, instead of a season, as first intended.

Her next engagement was to go on tour with Marie de Grey, who was then acting at the Olympia, but after playing at matinees, etc., she was out up with some throat trouble and obliged to relinquish her engagement in consequence.

When better she obtained an engagement, touring as leading lady with a company to the Provinces.

Here it was that Florence made the discovery that there is no royal road to fortune. Referring to that tour she says: "I was fair hunted, and spent eighteen hours out of the twenty-four preparing for the stage. I was playing a different piece every night, and at the same time was expected to learn my part for 'As you like it,' which was advertised to appear on the boards at Bath."

It is not too much to say that I breakfasted, dined and supped on Shakespeare. I well remember sitting up all night, too, studying by the light of a candle, drinking cold tea and rubbing menthol on my forehead and eyelids to keep myself awake.

"It was early spring and I saw the sun set and rise again."

"When the rehearsal was called, at eleven o'clock in the morning, my memory was quite gone for the time being! I could not remember a single word: I had to read it. Then I went home and slept heavily, in defiance of Shakespeare and an exacting world."

So great was her ambition at this time that Florence did not mind the work, nor was she discouraged by her inability to keep Shakespeare in her mind. Physical strength, coupled with a good amount of self-confidence, would, she thought carry her through. And so it turned out on more than one occasion, for when memory failed her she fell back on her own inventive genius and put words into Shakespeare's mouth which

he would never have recognised. This, in stage language, is called "eggging," and never resorted to but by the most daring.

"Where are you going to die?" anxiously enquired the prompter on one occasion before going on to the stage.

"Don't know yet," replied Florence.

"Deuced awkward," said the prompter.

"How shall I know when to ring for the curtain to drop?"

"Oh, I'll give you a dying look all in good time."

And she did.

All this time Mrs. Worth was in London, her share in the triumphs being confined to demands for new dresses for Florence.

Meanwhile, Florence was having a bad time in the Provinces. The company she had joined had reached Penzance, where "Don't know yet" was to be played for the first time.

It was not a success, and the distracted manager had only hurries to fall back upon. Florence refused to descend to that, and so nervous was his displeasure. Dispirited and feeling very ill, she went back to her lodgings and did a faint in real earnest. A doctor who was called in said what she needed was rest, and unless she took it she would be down altogether. As soon as her engagement was concluded therefore, she returned to London to find her home broken up owing to money losses, and her mother ill in consequence.

To anyone feeling run down from overstrain this was a cruel homecoming. "The pleasures of this world finish in weariness," says the proverb. They were weary and heart-sick and so they went. Weariness in the world, but not yet weary of it. They decided to cross the "herring-pond" and try their fortunes in America.

Mrs. Worth's only brother met them at New York and took them to his house at Orange, a charming place on the mountains, where the lovely air soon restored Florence to her wonted vigor.

In connection with her career as an actress in America, Florence says:

"It was my great desire to die on the stage! It seemed to me a fine thing to die in harness. I had a great contempt for any actor or actress who would spoil a scene to save themselves an injury. I considered it most important that the illusion (or delusion) of the representation should be carried out at any cost to the player. Such heroism—it would be fatalism (?) in a Christian—is not uncommon on the stage, and was a real test of life and limb, and had some narrow escapes in consequence."

"I was 'starring' in 'The Danites' in and around Chicago, when, one opening night (Grand Rapids, I think), I met with my first accident. At the end of the first act I was supposed to be gathering flowers on the edge of a precipice, when the villains enter and shoot me. I immediately drop out of sight (presumably down the ravine at the back). As a matter of fact, I was standing on a temporary platform, and the small place, screened off from the audience's view, for me to drop in, was not large enough to hold my length. The shot was the signal for the fall of the curtain, and as it slowly dropped on the 'picture,' the audience heard the thud of my body as it fell over the edge of the platform down on to the stage—the height of a lofty room!"

"Of course I was carried home, put to bed, nursed up, etc. No! no! No! Nothing of the sort. I got up and finished the other four acts. The next night I thought (did not trouble to see) that the stage-managers would have the carpenters widen the platform; but when I got on it I found it was just the same. So I tried another kind of fall, which I thought would save me, with the consequence that I fell myself and took part of the platform with me. Then the manager waxed thoroughly indignant."

"Don't do the fall again in this theatre."

"Why? Are you afraid I shall kill myself?"

"Oh! You must look after yourself. I'm afraid you'll get me into trouble. I forbid the fall; that's enough."

Drink, though not confined to the stage, plays a terrible part in the lives of some whose talents and energies are prostituted for the purpose of providing amusement for a restless, heart-sick world.

Florence herself never came into the habit, though she used occasionally to sip neat whiskey before going on to the stage, but she saw many fall victims to the terrible habit. Among these was an actress, still young, though looking old through sin. She had been very beautiful, was intellectual and a gifted musician—one who, for her beauty and talent, had been eagerly caught up for the stage. She could play any line of business, and even take entire lessons in anything, from a tragedy by Shakespeare down to the most recent farce. Decidedly a woman of parts. She had been a potted star in one or two colonies, where her husband was the leading manager of a theatrical circuit. His, like hers, is a well-known name in London and around the globe in theatrical circles. She had often sat in her own private managerial box to see the great-

est artists of the world perform—her tiny hands covered with diamonds, and her pliant beauty decked out in perfection.

The night before she joined the company in which Florence was leading she had a terrible experience. One man who used to play her husband suddenly went out of his mind, took up a hatchet and chopped up the furniture before her eyes, and then proceeded to dig an imaginary grave for her.

She kept him at bay by the courage and power and magnetism of her eye, which she never took off him for a second; at last he seized a lighted lamp and hurled it into her travelling basket, which stood open ready packed. In the melee she escaped into the streets in her night-dress, and at daybreak gave the alarm to the police, who removed him to the asylum, which he never left alive. It was not long after this that one evening, whilst Florence was in her dressing-room, during the third act one of the stage-hands came to her and said, "Excuse me, Miss Worth, but that Miss — is lying propped up in a passage under a sink. The governor will be in a tear if he sees her. What had I better do, Miss?"

"Show me where she is."

Upstairs they went, and there she was, helpless.

"Thank you, Brown," said Florence to her guide, "I'll see to her."

Then turning to the woman, she whispered, "You must pull yourself together; don't let the men see you in this state. Try and get up; give me your hand—so —." But it was no use; she only fell back inarticulate. There was no time to spare, so Florence picked her up and carried her dead weight as she was down a flight of stairs into her dressing-room, propped her on a chair against the wall while she went and looked for the manager, to whom she said, "I shall pay my own share of the bill—let me not in a fit state to come on." In the interval Brown had informed him of what had happened.



"Florence Carried her Dead Weight as she was—Down a Flight of Stairs."

"Poor Miss —!" said Florence. "Before that fearful rose of another of life's tragedies had been enacted—the poor, drunken actress had been dismissed. She was one of the many with whom I've had the one glass which had led to their subsequent degradation."

"It might as easily have been seen with me!"

(To be Continued.)

## Bitter and Sweet.

1,000,000 slaves still exist as far as is known.

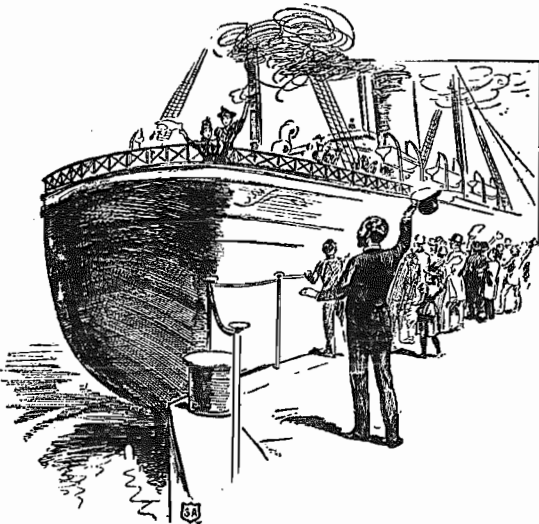
There are a great many more slaves in our midst which are not known as such.

The satisfaction of obtaining an advantage over a fellow-creature is true satisfaction, mixed with the lasting joy of self-sacrifice.

The yearly expenditure of the world for alcoholic drinks is estimated at \$1,540,000,000; while the expenditure for health missions is \$667,269,000. That is, seventeen times as much spent for making men, than for converting heathens.

The consciousness of work well done increases self-respect, stimulates the energies, elevates the aims, and exalts the character of the worker. While he is striving to accomplish some good in the world, a self-active good is entering into his own life and being.

A man cannot really be injured by his brethren, for no act of theirs can make him bad, and he must not be angry with them, nor hate them, for we are made for co-operation, like feet and hands, like eyelids, or like teeth lower and upper teeth.



"They Decided to Cross the Herring Pond."

# Territorial Themes.

By the TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

HOW delighted we all are at the prospect of one more seer and hearing the one whose presence in our midst means instruction, inspiration, blessing and cheer in the warfare which engrosses our time, talents, and strength—the one who through many years of wonderfully active, practical and persistent fighting, as well as by a life so consistently lived out before both friend and foe alike, and a character so unimpeachable that even the keenest critic could find “naught to condemn,” has as a disciple and prophet of God, as a lover and benefactor of the poverty and sin and sorrow-stricken portion of mankind, and as an exceptionally skilled and surpassing leader of the Lord’s hosts, been an example worthy of our closest imitation—our loved and revered General.

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God bless the General, and bring him safely over the Atlantic to his American-Canadian troops. The preliminary arrangements are now complete and the dates and places the General will visit are now decided upon. Everyone get ready and begin to pray for a big revival to break out wherever the General comes.

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The Field Commissioner has evidently had a wonderful time at Kingston. It is no small accomplishment to pack a barracks with dimensions such as that at Kingston, to convert the Sunday’s income into eight times the average amount, and to wind up with fourteen souls, and everybody’s blessing. Hallelujah!

\*\*\*\*\*

The Commissioner is going to visit other towns as time and the stress of the war will permit—and may be coming your way. Be that as it may, pray for her and be desperate for souls.

\*\*\*\*\*

Capt. Cromarty, the officer in charge of Salvation Army operations among the shanty men of western woods, has successfully got through his first week’s fight in his new command. We are believing to hear of much good being accomplished as the result of this new enterprise.

\*\*\*\*\*

Should you propose to cross the ocean at Christmas time, or design an over-lake trip in the spring, drop Staff-Capt. Smeeton a line and look through the S. A. agency.

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The Commissioner has decided upon a great move for the Yorkville corps, who have secured a barracks in a more thickly popular spot. The old rendezvous is to be remodelled, rebuilt, redecorated and made into a first-class Rescue Home, alterations are already well under weigh.

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Letters continue to reasen the Commissioner’s desk telling of the great good the writers received during the recent Toronto Congress. Praise the Lord.

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The Christmas Cry is to be a daisy-Brigadier Complin and other kindred minds have been planning, the Commissioner has been scheming, conferences have been held, and lines laid down which will mount a surprise if not a complete shock to some people when they see the real production. Send in your orders at once—better miss the plumpudding than the Christmas Cry for real Christmas benefit and cheer.

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“Full up” is the rumor which reaches us concerning the Women’s Training Garrison at Lippincott. That is good, but boys, you are all bennd. Come, get a “move on,” and send in your names at once to your P. O. and rush in the love and power of Calvary’s Christ to rescue the lost and fallen ones from sin and hell.

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Samuel Wiggins, the indefatigable leader of the Marine Band of dear old W. O. P., is the latest to receive his Commissioner’s recognition and honor—the title of Adjutant. God bless the Adjutant and his band.

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There is only one cure for indulgence—effort. The only cure for selfishness—sacrifice. The only cure for timidity—to plunge into duty before the silver comes on. The only cure for unbelief—trust Christ.—Cuyler.



## Important Social Developments

IN THE  
NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.The New Timber Limit. Plenty of Work  
to do. Salvation in the Shanty.

To meet the demands of our largely developing coal and wood business in the city of Winnipeg, we have had to take a larger wood-yard for our stock of wood, and for the sawing and splitting. We have also a stable on the new lot, and there is a house, and a shed has been built for the splitting of wood. The new yard is on the same street as the Shelter, and is much nearer to the C. P. R. yard, where all our cord wood comes in. Our two horses and wagons are kept on the run, and we are able to give work to a lot of the unemployed of the city and province.

One of the latest developments is the wood limit that we have just taken. This is seventy-two miles from Winnipeg, and is two miles wide and four miles long. There is a large shanty on the same, some stables, and about four hundred cords of dry hard wood which was cut last winter and which is ready for the market. We are only waiting for the snow to come for us to haul the same some two or three miles to the siding. The C. P. R. track goes along the end of the limit.

A few days ago Adj. Cass, Brother Hopson and I went out to see the wood on the limit. We arrived there at about 4 p.m., and after walking for a considerable distance in the bush, and looking at the timber, which is very good and plenty of it for it has trees larger than any I have seen in Manitoba of the kind, after wandering about for some time taking in the situation, the shades of night began to fall, and we, therefore, made for the shanty in the bush. We arrived just in time to save ourselves from being.

## Out in the Woods all Night.

The door was soon unlocked, a lamp (without a glass) soon lighted, and in a short time we had the two stoves going full swing. We then sat down and had some lunch, which was enjoyed as we were very hungry with our tramp through the woods. When supper was over we had some prayer when we all three prayed and the Lord blessed us in that rough shanty, and we rejoiced that He was no respecter of places, and that where there is a soul to pray there is a God to hear and answer. The next thing that presented itself to us was "where are we going to lay down to-night and sleep, for we are tired and need rest." After due consideration it was decided to put an old mattress on the floor and cover it with our coats, and after making up a good fire, this we did, and although we had

**Only a Stick of Cord Wood for a Pillow.**  
yet we slept fairly well. In the morning we felt stiff, but soon washed and took a walk through another part of the limit and saw some fine wood which is ready for the ax. After our early walk we had breakfast and prayer. We then prepared to leave the bush for the track and after finding the same we walked down to Culver siding. Just as we arrived there we met four men on a hand-car and asked them if the express would stop there and pick us up, and they told us no, we should have to walk some five or six miles further to a station. We had not time to do this so we waited where we were until the express arrived. We arranged to flag the train, but there was no flag, so Adj. Cass decided to pull off his red overcoat which he did, and when the train was in sight the Adjutant was to be seen.

**Waving His Guerrsey Desperately,**  
the arms flying around in great fashion. The end was accomplished, the train stopped and took us on board, and we were soon in Winnipeg.

Last Monday was a very important day with the Men's Social here, for about twelve men were being sent to the limit to cut cord wood for the winter. Axes, saws, blankets, and the like being amongst the baggage. Capt. Cromerty has gone in charge of the bushmen and I believe they will be able to get out a good supply of cord wood for next winter. Adj. Cass has just got back from the bush and he reports a good time while there. In addition to the manual labor and business in bush shanty life, there are prayer meetings. Perhaps this is the only shanty in the bush in the North-West where prayer meetings are held, and God is respected and His kingdom sought first. I hope not.

The above extensions have enabled us to find work for quite a number more men. May God bless the same with great success.  
H. B.

## How to Sell the War Cry.

MRS. ADJ. BRADLEY, in charge of the Women's Training Home at Lippincott Street, Toronto, asked the Cadets the question, "How to sell the War Cry?"

The answers were so good that we intend publishing some. Here is one:

Have a great love in your heart for the Cry. Read it thoroughly so that you will know what is in it, and so be able to sell others of what it contains.

Then, being well blessed in your soul, go out with an earnest desire to sell it, praying that it may be the means of enlightening some poor souls to realize their lost and sinful condition, and make them repent of their sins and turn to God and be converted.—Cade Mary Stephens.



**EMIGRATION.**—"TRAVERSE LINE OF STEAMSHIPS" between Canada and the Old Country.—To those who have an idea of going abroad we shall be pleased to furnish particulars of sailing accommodation and rates of passage given by the above Steamship Company, for which we are agents. For Salvationists we can offer special rates for either first, second or third class passengers by any of the Canadian line of boats. Full information may be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN MURDOCK, corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

niversary meetings. — Ed.) During their absence I was lonely. I felt exactly the same what children feel when their parents are away from home. I believe the Salvation Army officers are really good. The reason why I believe so is because their work speaks as an evidence. There were several hard cases on this Reserve, including my son-in-law. I used to often think with sorrow and perplexity how their ways could be changed. There was a continual quarrelling in our family. I am afraid if their ways had not been changed (referring to her son-in-law and daughter) through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army their quarrellings by this time would have resulted to something very serious. It is only with a strong effort I am able to sing this song this morning. I have often wished to sing it before but the devil has always managed to stop me from doing so."

Chief Charles Abotossaway.

Sucker Creek, Howgrye,  
October 31st, 1897.

Mrs. Kookimauk is entirely without education. Don't speak English. Has been an invalid 30 years. Indian. Age 50 C. Abotossaway.

## NEW SHELTER AND PRISON GATE HOME FOR WOMEN IN MONTREAL.

Splendid New Central Rescue Home in the Queen City.

**Bride — A Promotion — A Farewell — Glorious Conversations — A Practical Self-Denial, and Other Items from the Women's Social Department.**

The Field Commissioner has sanctioned the opening of a Woman's Shelter and Prison Gate Home in Montreal. It has been a long-felt need, and its opening will be hailed with delight by many homeless ones in that city. We have arrangements in hand and expect to open in a few weeks. During the bitterness of the coming winter's severity many will find here a cheap shelter from the cold.

We should like our always generous Montreal friends to remember that donations of money, and gifts of furniture, will be very heartily accepted for the new scheme. Send contributions to Adjt. Colman, 243 St. Antoine Street, or to Mrs. Lead, S. A. Temple.

The latest promotion in the Women's Social is one well-earned by over nine years faithful service. Captain May Towell will be known by their title of Ensign in the future. Ensign Towell has held over 30 appointments in the Field and Social. She will shortly take charge of the St. John's, Nfld., Rescue Home. We wish her great success in blessing the poor unfortunates she may serve in that "Hill Island of the sea." She will, I am sure, find ready helpers in the St. John's people.

Ensign Ellery, who has spent two years in charge of our Newfoundland Rescue work, farewells in November, and comes to assist Staff-Capt. Stewart in the command of the Toronto Rescue Home. She is rendered willing, loving service, and has been blessed in her efforts in the land.

'Twas an interesting looking roll, at first to some people. Curious, reader? Yes. This particular roll which Staff-Capt. Smeeton picked up from the table and curled off for use of the building, tractor, etc., was nothing less than plans for our splendid new Central Industrial Home for young women in Toronto. It is going to be without exception the best in the Territory, and I, there will be further information forthcoming in the near future. A very short time and this scheme will have been realized, and the Army in the Queen City will have a Rescue Home worthy of noble and satisfactory work that has already been accomplished. We need money for this project. We have not asked for financial help through the columns of the Cry for our Women's Social Work for many months, but at the moment we are in urgent need, and the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, will, I am sure, be delighted to receive from any Toronto citizen a substantial Self-Denial gift for this special scheme. For particulars, write to the Temple, near St., Toronto. Is there a need for an extension? may be asked by some. Yes, yes. We have not time in this column to tell of the many calls to which we cannot respond for want of accommodation in our present Home.

## A Thriving Branch of the War.

COLONEL THOMAS HOLLAND,

The Outgoing American Social Secretary, interviewed, and a Summary of Social Achievements Given.

By BRIGAMIER COX, Editor-in-Chief Army Publications, New York.



Finland's two baby corps are at Kuopio and Mylly.

Twenty-four Cadets have just been promoted in the United States.

There is to be a Naval and Military issue of the English War Cry.

Nineteen Chinese recruits are ready for enrollment at San Francisco 11, corps.

The San Francisco Report valed the use of the Army's Children's Home recently.

A plot of ground has been purchased at Thist, in Germany, with a view to erecting a hall thereon later.

The twenty-eight Cadets of Holbrog, Finland, dispense or one thousand War Cry's per week in street selling.

Twenty thousand poor people are to be fed by the Salvation Army on Thanksgiving Day through the United States.

The Consul is shortly opening a Maternity Home in New York, a scheme which she has been anxious to set on foot for some time.

West Australia has gone up six hundred copies in its War Cry circulation owing to the opening of new camps in the gold field districts.

The first Army meeting ever conducted in Solodad was held in that city on Sunday, Oct. 21st. People attended the campaign from miles around.

Efforts are being made to secure the Agricultural Showgrounds at Rosebank for the Southern Provincial Congress of our South African Territory.

Harvest Festival was a distinct success in Hawaii. Hilo and Lahoe reached their target and Honolulu and Honolulu went far beyond those appointed for them.

The Honolulu Brass Band, of which the D. O. is the conductor, is practicing hard that it may soon be able to form a valuable assistance to the war in that place.

A Captain lost his file of Chinese War Cry's to a Chinese in Kamaui who could understand but little English. The result was the Colonial round salvation and became a recruit.

Three causes have been recently sent to the Salvation Army Rescue Homes from the police court in the United States—hailing from Santa Cruz, Salinas and Sacramento respectively.

A gentleman brought his fiancée into a certain Army barracks recently. The young lady got saved and the gentleman was so overjoyed that he gave a golden sovereign to the Army on the spot.

A cheap uniform has been decided upon for the Amazona Salvationists in South Africa. A deputation of these dark-skinned but intelligent comrades called upon Brigadier Wilmer to ask for this.

The New York City has two splendid photos of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Brewer. Their field of labor—the Central Chief Division—occupies a large place in the current issue of our contemporary.

A Rescue Home in Durban seems to be one of the possible openings in the near future, a gentleman having offered to pay the rent of a house for six months if the Army will occupy it home there.

Germany has quite a list of new openings just now. Corps have been organized at Cologne, Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, and Mülhausen, while another is about to be opened at Worms-Kirchheim, near Elberfeld's house.

One of the great attractions of the annual demonstration in the Carnegie Music Hall, New York, will be our picked band of Colored Jubilee Singers, who have been received at President McKinley's house.

Mr. W. P. Coate, Secretary of the National Vigilance Society, and Professor Watson Smith were present at the late Resene Thanksgiving at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. James Stewart, M. P., took the chair.

A Catholic family not far from San Francisco, taking an interest in a drunkard invited him to their house and sang Salvation Army songs to him, directing him, "Go to bed, where you were hosed he would get converted."

Recent warm commendations were passed upon our Resene Work by Lord Loch (late High Commissioner for South Africa), Sir Hugh Owen, Sir Arthur Anderson, Mr. Henry Somerset, Dean Farrar, Canon Scott-Tolland and other notabilities.

**I** PAID a flying visit to the Klondyke one day last week.

All that the papers had said—and it was much—about the frozen state of Stagnas and the "Chilkoot Pass, and the possible and probable, but not wholly unavoidable inconvenience of being starved to death by froreations of inches, could not and did not deter me from doing upon the journey, which was accomplished with success. I did not find it necessary to seek out the owner of one of those twentieth-century apparatus designed for atmospheric navigation, and known as alutides; it was not even requisite that I should take advantage of those figurative marvels known as "the wings of the wind."

It was exactly as I had expected to descend to such a common-place method of locomotion as the railroad-car or steamboat. How then did I go and manage to get to my rendezvous and back to the starting-place in such short shift? To answer this question a little explanation is necessary, and here I must explain that in the Klondyke I refer was a purely literary one—but, nevertheless, a real Klondyke—situated not further away than the fifth floor, National Headquarters, within the confines of the Metropolitan and not-to-be-worried office of that extremely alert, sharp, shrewd, yet gentle officer known and loved as Colonel Thos. Holland, formerly Chief Secretary of the Canadian Territory, and latterly Social Secretary of the United States field, who will be known in future days for some time to come as the pioneer of the "Commander's" colonization of the Western Colony, etc. Already I hear the Colonel is getting measured for a pair of small size jettison-proof leggings and taking scientific notes as to how to take two cups of overals in one season.

The Commander, I should say, has been especially happy in his selection of Colonel Thos. Holland, a falling which he is unselfish and adaptable man I was not of. I should also add thorough to the list of qualifications; perhaps it should come first, as Thomas Holland is a man who to use an expression more suited than politics, "goes the whole hog." If circumstances allow, and if not, manages to dispose of the carcass with the exception of the hounds and falling which he is a hard worker and turns his attention to other flesh-meats. All this, of course, being figurative.

To come back to the Klondyke figure, I say then that I had not been long in the Colonel's room before the gold nuggets came into view. What better place to "take up a claim" than the Social? I venture to say that the young lady, an entirely new meaning since the Salvation Army has been operating to world-wide network of beneficent Social institutions—a meaning, too, as beautiful in the eyes of angels and righteous men as it is now.

"Well, Colonel," began the inquirer, with an air of delightful indolence, "please tell me, what is the Social?" "I'll tell 'at all you like," responded the Governor. "If you'll inform me of the topic."

A resume—with as much brevity and paper in it as it will hold without looking of the advances in the Social since it has been in your charge."

"All right, I will do it, with the stipulation that you will announce at the beginning of the interview, when it gets into type, that I disclaim credit in the matter; first of all, I am not the first Social Secretary in the country, and I had the honor of Brigadier Halpin—who worked hard during his term of office. Then the success achieved is largely due to the unflinching good-will and help of the men who have assisted me, and the Commander, whose intense interest in Social matters is so well known." (Thus the inherent modesty of the man.)

And, having found me, I was most fashionable, and should have been glad to continue here a while longer. I am pleased, however, to accept my appointment to the Colony, and I leave you, I am not altogether hiding the Social good-bye.

"As regards recent advances, two of three things must be taken into consideration, one of which is that I took

chances are being started at International Headquarters for the teaching of short-hand, book-keeping, shorthand, and the like, in English, French, and German. Junior Male Cadets and young Salvationists are invited to join these classes, which will include some special

hold of the department coming from Canada. I was given to the United States field and its geographical details, which was quite a disadvantage. Then, again, there is a vast difference between the Social involved in the opening of a Social institution and the opening of a corps; but a few things have been accomplished." (This was the announcement of that very creditable advance. The thing was fairly commenced; there was very little dirt to wash away. Painful after painful of pure gold was unearthed. I will give it to my readers forthwith.)

## Nugget No. 1.

"Take Chicago for a starter. In January last we had no Social work in the city. Now there are three Shelters, with a capacity for nearly 700 people; also a Salvage Brigade."

"Pardon me, but these Shelters dispense food as well as shelter?"

"Yes, to the patrons."

## Nugget No. 2.

"Then there is New York City. Here we have two Shelters for men, with a Salvage Brigade; and also one of the latter in both Brooklyn and Jersey City."

## Nugget No. 3.

"One of the most important features of our work has been the work of improving already existing institutions. Buffalo and San Francisco are cases in point; we have much more accommodation in the former, and much more suitable premises in both cases. You know the history of the latter, with its—"

"Just a second, but breathing space, O man of quicksilver! You are presuming too much. Cry readers have heard a little about that wonderful capture in '92, but to detail, sir—to detail. How is it progressing?"

"The Workmen's Hotel in the capital of the golden West, my dear brother, is leading with splendid success. Major Winchell is doing herculean work. In addition to the Food and Shelter, you will remember, there is a barber shop, a dispensary, where certain warm-hearted physicians give their services free, and lots of other special features. But one of Winchell's greatest innovations on the Coast is the lodging camp. He bought up a batch of shacks out in the country, and he drafted a number of the unemployed, turning it into a regular camp. The first gang of men were so satisfied that they did not want to leave."

"How long will it take to do that? That is to say, how does the wood pan out?"

"There seems to be wood 'ad lib.'"

## Other Nuggets—All Valuable.

"How, may I ask, is the Boston Shelter doing?"

"Excellent; perhaps I can best confirm this statement by adding that another is to be opened soon."

"Any more Women's Shelters contemplated?"

"Some under consideration." (Here the Colonel let me have a peep at some correspondence on the question of opening a Women's Shelter in Boston.)

"And how is Pittsburg going?"

"Well, crowded every night."

"And Bridgeport, Conn.?"

"Yes; our surveyor says that is the place turned over to us by philanthropic clergymen and others, who found it apparently a hopeless concern. I am pleased to say that in less than two months from the time of our taking it over it was made more than pay its way, although there was a debt of something like \$30 a week before we took it in hand."

"A somewhat similar case is that of the Evangelical Shelter, of Chicago. It was only patronized by some forty or fifty men at night, but we took it, but now it is being full every night, and, mind you, it accommodates 301 persons. (Why the odd unit dependent sayeth not.) The luck is so great that the officers in charge have to sleep out."

"The Women's Shelter is under separate management."

(To be Continued.)

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Discussed by Bros. Snooks and Brooks,

What They Thought of Her Soldiers Meeting on Friday, Nov. 12th, in the Jubilee Hall.

Brooks—That settles it.

Snooks—What settles it?

Brooks—What you hear the Commissioner say, when she read about the Lawyer in Luke 11, 25, "Don't keep on asking God questions about what He has written so plainly." I see this has been my fault up to date.

Snooks—Self-denial will give you a fine chance.

Brooks—I agree with what Miss Booth said, that we must make the chariot wheels go round so fast that the spokes cannot be detected.

Snooks—I'm with you. Another good thing she said was, "We are all CERTAIN people in the eyes of God and He looks on us and at last will judge us as individuals."

Brooks—I tell you, she made that old story of the Good Samaritan a new one to me.

Snooks—That's so. Whatever verse she takes from the Bible, whether it is one of them which folks like me never particularly notice, or whether she takes a text that others have preached to death, she can talk new life into it and throw new light on it and get new blessings out of it.

Brooks—That's what.

Snooks—Say, Brooks, it struck home to me, that remark about "We couldn't say we had no chance in our life. It's true, that the best opportunities come by chance."

Brooks—There were more than you struck at any rate I counted about twelve out for full consecration.

Snooks—I'm glad I was one of them, and I am not going to be any more one of those indifferent saints.

Brooks—Shake hands, comrade. There are thousands, as the Commissioner puts it, that are always crossing over to the other side. Let us remain on the side of Duty.

Snooks—Yes, and be good Samaritans, as Brigadier Martis, the Territorial Secretary, or what-you-like-to-call-him, shouted.

Brooks—I was glad that Adj. Stanton was called upon to have a few words. He is a good old stand-by. That he is. Snooks—It was a blessed and instructive meeting, and I am sure many soldiers besides those that came forward will bless the Commissioner for the timely encouragement received.

Brooks—I have many mutual friends, and some of it I have written down for keepsake.

Snooks—Let's see your note book.

Brooks—Here they are:

"God puts all our little together. He will not forget we are after the whole."

"The word little should never be used in connection with the things of God and eternity."

"The Samaritan saw an opportunity. So live as ever to see daily incidents as opportunities for good."

"What were you like three months after you were converted? Are you like it now?"

"I have a compassion of God that wrote 'God is love' across the skies of the universe."

"There is not a Salvationist but what Jesus has said to him, 'Take care of him' (the young man by life's way)."

Snooks—Thanks. I'll write them on the inside of my skull where the rain can't wash them away. Good night.

Brooks—Good night. I'll go you a race for Self-Denial.

Snooks—Accepted. Good night.

Aunt Rustle.

Says the "Rustler": Adj. Hay has at last arrived from the East with the Brigadier. The Adjutant has been appointed as the Junior Soldier Secretary and G.H. M. Agent combined. The Adjutant will have his hands full with these two important branches of the work. The J.S. work elsewhere has been re-organized and made remarkable progress under the Adjutant's supervision, and we bespeak for him the same success in the West.



**The  
General  
is  
Coming  
Early  
in  
1808.**

# WAR CRY

CONGRATULATIONS, COMMANDANT.

## NEWFOUNDLAND'S JUNIOR ADVANCES.

**COLONEL HOLLAND "HELD UP."**

### A COMRADE'S SORROW.

and bereavement. Capt. Jamieson's father died without a minute's warning when returning from his work the other day. His wife and children, the youngest of whom is our devoted Editorial stenographer, were taken by a sudden and unexpected stroke. It is such seasons which reveal what comradeship exists at Territorial Headquarters. As in a family where each feels the sorrow as well as shares in the triumphs of the others, we sympathize with all that concerns one of their number. The prayers of the many comrades who have beset the Throne of Grace on behalf of the sorrowing have been distinctly answered. God will surely bestow upon the bereaved and their loved ones the peace and joy which inureth them to the future.

**THE XMAS MARVEL.**

**T**HE Editorial wing of Territorial Headquarters must needs live much ahead. While yet the Soldiers' and Sailors' Christmas Seal is being run off the huge presses in the printing house, pens and plans were busy in the Editor's office with the Christmas Seal for 1916. More than a month since, our last Christmas special was voted by all who saw it to be a splendid production; but a glance at the illustrations in this issue will show that the Editor's Christmas issue convinces at once that it will far surpass anything that has come before it. It is a triumph of the artist and printer's skill in the representing of an original and suggestive idea—the result with beauty and grace of the work of our artists and our readers. As to the store of good things to be found between the colored covers we must leave our readers to anticipate. The illustrations, the stories, the articles, pictures, will be of the highest order. The Commissioner is already engaged upon one of the most striking illustrations for the new year.

## THE JUNIOR CADETS' BRIGADE.

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**

## THE LOCAL OFFICER.

importance of those warriors as a distinct and valuable fighting force. We are coming, as an organization, hourly more to realize that the power and progress of our corps is almost entirely dependent upon the co-operation of the local as it is upon that of the officer in command. The latter can do little more than that what the locals support him in. With this as the foundation, the officers can achieve, by reason of the particular field circumstances, confidence and familiarity with the circumstances peculiar to its warfare they hold a unique position in the Corps. The local is the basis. The example of their life, added to the faithful testimony of their words will back up the Captain's sermons as no other influence could do. It is the duty of the local to be faithful to the dealing with and caring for of the converts of their corps. The fact that their numbers in this Territory are increasing, speaks well for the local as a whole and gives promise for the solidifying of past good work done and the accomplishment of still greater things. The local officers' own power cannot but assist materially towards this end.

**THE LATEST ABOUT THE NORTH-  
WEST TIMBER LIMIT.**

EVERYTHING going along splendidly. Men are happy. Adjt. Cass has gone down with provisions and supplies for the men. I am sending a car for the purpose of sending down a team, sleighs, provisions, etc. The C. P. R. runs by the side of the limit. Fourteen men now occupy the log shanty. With their axes and saws they are at it daily.

EDGARDER BENNETT.

**AUSTRALASIA'S GREATEST FINANCIAL TRIUMPH.**

(Special.)

**A** WORLD - THRILLING announcement is flashed from Australia's shores of the Self-Denial success just achieved there. A total no less than £25,000 has been secured by the devotion, faith and hard work of the stout-hearted warriors on the Australasian battle-field, nobly commanded by Commandant and Mrs. Booth. This magnificent figure exceeds anything that has ever been accomplished in the line of a financial effort in that Territory, and is a mighty indication of progress made and future prospects.

**THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY WITH  
THE STAFF BAND**

AT LIPPINCOTT STREET  
(Spectra.)

**H**AIRY day's hunting was spent in Lippincott St. This is an old battle-ground of the Irregulars, and many old friends were present at the meetings. Liberty and freedom characterized the meetings throughout. The band played excellently, proving a great success, and the finances being very good. Although no yielded, yet the truth as delivered by the Brigadier, and the desperate earnestness of the band, as well as the soldiers of the corps, in the player moving, caused many to waver and yielded under the power of the Spirit. Eleven bucksliders stood to their feet in response to a request from the Brigadier, thus admitting the joy and blessedness of their service and loyalty compared to that of their present.

## JUNIOR WAR IN NEWFOUNDLAND

**Advancing with a Rush.**

(Special.)

**T**HE J. S. boom in Newfoundland has been taken hold of in good style by everybody concerned.

Major McMillan sends a most cheering and encouraging letter to the General Secretary saying that the target set will be left far behind. St. John I. is running ten companies, while St. John's has increased attendances, and has started the band of the Hants and Grimes has secured a building for J. S. purposes and the work is going ahead splendidly. In addition there is a prospect of eight Junior Cadet applications from one corps in the Island. This ought to inspire everybody else to do something.

# MISS BOOTH

## CONDUCTS

## Biggest Meetings

AT

## KINGSTON.

**Sunday, November 14th.**

**Kingston stirred. All previous records broken.**

**Hall packed.**  
**Thrilling addresses.**

**Audience spell-bound by the Commissioner's straight, hard Salvation talk.**

**Collections eight times over the average.**

**Fifteen souls.**

**BRIGADIER SHARP,**  
Provincial Officer, East Ontario.

**OUR LATEST PERIODICAL.**

(Special.)

**I**NTO our paper war there has stepped a warrior in magazine form who promises as valiant and wide-reaching service as any of its predecessors in the fray. "The Local Officer" is at once one of the most aggressive, instructive and interesting papers that it has been our fortune to hold in our hands. Its peculiar attraction is discovered in the fact that its every page is glowing with vivid interest to the reader to whom it comes. Local Officers of all ranks and characters find their difficulties and opportunities alike dealt with in its pages. Its contributors are headed by the General and embrace some of the best and most able writers in the Salvation Army, while Local Officers themselves hold a prominent place in their own paper as writers. Photographs of local bands and of various "local lights" form its principal illustrations, and the personal paragraphs and pithy points of every description profusely scattered between the weightier articles give it a peculiarly cheerful and interesting appearance. What the "Officer" has been in blessing and instruction to the corps-commander, this up-to-date, Blood-and-Fire little periodical is destined to be to the local upholders of the Cross and Flag for whose service it is exclusively published.

**WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT OUR PAPER.**

"I read your War Cry with interest and pleasure."—Staff-Capt. W. Scott Potter, Minneapolis, Minn.

A friend at Huntsville says, "Am a constant reader of the War Cry—must say am spiritually blessed by its contents every week."

Your S.-D. Cry has just arrived. I had time only to glance at it, but to do even that is to be thrilled. That front-piece is O. K., and the picture of the Field Commissioner inside is grand. More, please to you all! Affectionately yours,  
-J. Atkinson, Staff-Capt.

\* \* \*

Adj. Taylor, of Simcoe, referring to the value of a newspaper mention of the War Cry, which many of our Editor friends are willing to give us if only asked, says:

I have often tried this plan before and always with success. I remember especially the General's interview with Gladstone, and Trickett, the ex-champion's experience being mentioned in the local papers helped much with the sales.

## MIXTURES.

There must have been a public in the pit when whiskey was invented.

Both the Collingwood papers inserted an advertisement of our Self-Defend War Cry.

Adit. Page (the sub editor) conducted a meeting at the Lighthouse on Sunday evening.

Capt. Hart, of the Temple has recovered his recent illness, and is on the move again.

Quite a number of men are employed by the Army in Winnipeg cutting and splitting wood.

Brigadier Stretton opened three corps in ten days soon after taking charge of the Buffalo Chief Division.

"I am in a big rush with S.-D., and the Spokane Shifter," so writes Brigadier Howell in his latest despatch.

The "O. K. Review" is the title of a bright weekly for officers issued by Brigadier Jack Addie, at Cincinnati, O.

In the city of Winnipeg the Army has four horses going as fast as they can go, delivering word to the people.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave spent a morning with the Cadets at Toronto. Subject: "Of Love and Band of Love." Great interest evinced.

The face wears an anxious look. Who? Ensign Alward, of the Temple. His target is \$300. He is bent on getting there.

Many of the roads the Staff Band travelled over on Sunday were rough, but they "didn't mind" and "went on" playing.

Fifteen titles and testaments are to be found in the house of Ensign Shaw's uncle and aunt with whom he was recently resting.

Capt. Bloss, late of Montreal, spent his first week-end with the Staff Band, and looked well in all the resplendent glory of his scarlet tunic.

At a recent Sunday night meeting at Montreal I, there was an enrollment of four sisters, and at the close four souls sought the mercy seat.

Some of the Self-Defend nomination papers to hand at West Ontario Headquarters make quite a showing, and indicate excellent prospects in some directions.

Correspondents are requested to forward the Editor marked copies of any notices in their newspapers containing references to the Salvation Army.

We hear of several officers who have made quite a "hit" already with country collecting, having secured a tangible score towards their target. Several are doing exceedingly well with the sacks.

Speaking of the Self-Defend, Major Southall says: "We are going to have a hard struggle. H'IT WILL, FIGHT IT OUT." Good, Mr. Will-fight-it-out will get there."

"Fixed McAmmond up O. K." So reads part of a letter from a high Provincial officer to the Editor. He writes that McAmmond married, and NO REPORT REACHED WAR CRY.

I see nothing night or day but S.-D. What a target, \$25! We are getting a few souls. Band of Love is quite a success here. Thirty members. Only started two weeks ago.—N. Smith, Capt., Collingwood.

Junior's work in West Ontario has felt the benefit of the special attention given to it since the Toronto meetings. Adit. Taylor, of the Simcoe District, has five bands of Love classes going on, and expects to have the numbers going by the end of the year, not only that but every corps in the District is making a special effort on these lines.

The walls of the Linsar St. barracks make interesting reading. The following are a few samples: "Strangers who desire to be visited please leave address." "Officers' quarters 121 Linsar St. Please report any cases of sickness." "Don't forget to read the War Cry this week." Then follows list of contents. The entertaining P. O.'s are Capt. T. H. Adams and Lewis.

Mrs. Adit. Phillips writes from Victoria B. C., informing us of an error that appeared recently in connection with the report of the H. F. victories in the Pacific Province. The report should have read "Vancouver the champion \$235. Victoria second \$220. New Westminster third highest of second, and Spokane fourth." We gladly make the correction and congratulate Victoria upon an excellent result of their H. F. effort.

REVIVAL TIMES.—From all parts of

the West Ontario Province tidings of victory in the soul-saving line are rolling in. Windsor is having a splendid harvest. Ingersoll is sharing in the refreshing showers. Woodstock, Sarnia, Stratford, Chatham and a number of others report souls and an improvement in attendance, etc. The prospects for a winter campaign are splendid. Some of the smaller stations are doing well.

## Cobourg Captivated BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S VISIT.

Elite of Society Present—Crowds Turned  
from the Jammed Town Hall—  
A Tip-top Meeting.

(Special Despatch.)

MR. BOOTH'S first visit to Cobourg the talk of the town. Tremendous excitement. Town Hall jammed. Crowds turned in disappointment from the doors. The elite of Cobourg society present. The clergy represented. Meetings on the crest of a wave of enthusiasm, interest and blessing. The Commissioner mightily upheld despite the strain of Sunday. Her inspired utterances received fervent attention. Willie and Peary stormed the hearts of the people. Adit. and Mrs. Stangson ably assisted. Cobourg's gallant little corps given a naughty impetus by the visit of its warrior leader.

## FIRE SWEEP WINDSOR VISITED By the Eastern Provincial Officer.

Forces There in Good Spirits—Gas House  
Captured—The Drink Again.

ON my return to St. John from the Councils, and after strengthening up matters at the Provincial office, I paid a visit to Windsor, which of late has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The town is in ashes. Hundreds having been burnt out of house and home.

The surrounding cities and towns have come nobly to the help of Windsor. Car loads of food and clothing have been sent for the needy, and we learn about \$30,000 has been given. Everyone in need is being cared for by the relief committee, and doubtless this will be continued throughout the winter, rough temporary shanties are being put up for the winter to accommodate some families, while others have got shelter in the few houses which escaped the fire.

All the churches, with the exception of the Episcopal church of England, have been burnt out. Our barracks also came down to ashes, and for some time our comrades carried on their work of saving souls in the open air. Luckily, when I had the joy of enrolling under the flag seven new recruits, one of whom came to God in one of my previous meetings at Windsor. Hallelujah! Large crowds were very much against us. The first night the hall was crowded, and the last night was just about filled. The meetings were full of spirit and life. The Windsor comrades, although homeless, prove God's grace to help them, and they did sing and shout and testify. It would have done War Cry readers here resulted in four kneeling at Jesus' feet. Hallelujah!

God bless and sustain our Windsor comrades, and may they never weary in waging a good warfare against sin and Satan.

We learn that an individual, drunk-possessed, set fire to the town. May God hasten the day when drink shall be driven from our fair land.

Yours to help to do it.

J. S. PUGMIRE,  
Provincial Officer.

## St. John, N.B. City is Being Stirred.

No. I. and No. III. ARE VISITED BY  
MAJOR PUGMIRE.

Great Revival Services Coming on.

ST. JOHN officers, soldiers and friends are enjoying a great treat. Our beloved Major has returned from Toronto, after attending the Field Commissioner's wonderful Officers' Councils and public meetings, where the glory came in floods and floods they could not contain, and also enjoying a few days' much-needed and well-earned rest at the beautiful Social Farm.

He was in good spirits, of course. Did you ever see him anything else? No, with Mrs. Pugmire and the children, arrived home on Friday, after a long, tedious journey. We urged him to rest for the Sunday, but an in vain, he WOULD have a go in at No. I. on the Sunday night.

A good crowd came, and the meeting was full of interest. The Major spoke from Revelations, about our new heaven and the new earth. He brought the people up to the glories of heaven, and tears were seen in some eyes, as he vividly pictured the dear bereaved mother bending over her little darling in the dusk, and went on to show the beautiful death of the saints on earth. Then to the caverns of the lost he brought them, and pointed out the

### Souls Who Would be Damned

—the fearful, the unbelieving, the abominable. "It may be difficult," he said, "to point out an abominable sinner, and yet I don't know. There was an abominable sinner in the car the other night. Mrs. Pugmire had just worked hard to get the baby to sleep, and had succeeded, when this man entered the car. With oaths and curses he came in. I should think he swore at the rate of sixty miles an hour. He stopped at the seat where the little one was sleeping, and commenced to pound her with his hand.

"Here, look out what you are doing," I said. He stopped and went out, but in a little while came in again, appearing a bit sorry. Leaning over the back of the seat, he asked if the child was sick. When I told him she had never been asleep since he awoke her, and her mother was tired and weary with the long journey, he held out his dirty fist, and I thought he swore at it and told him I forgave him."

He gave many interesting illustrations, and the crowd followed him closely. At the close one soul knelt at the Cross.

Then on the following Thursday we had an Officers' Council in the cosy little office of the Training Garrison. About two dozen of us met together and God did come upon us of a truth in power and great blessing. The Major read us good news from Toronto for us, told us of the Field Commissioner's interest in us, etc., and poured out upon us of the riches he had received at her councils recently. Some plans were hit upon for the furtherance of the war this coming winter, and we are expecting the Eastern Province shall come out on top in every way.

At night a great united meeting was held. A new crowd of officers have just arrived in the city, every corps having a change but No. 1. The platform was filled with

### Bright, Happy Soldiers and Officers.

The Major was at his best. Staff-Capt. Gage, who appeared on the scene of action for the first time since being confined to bed, and had the joy of enrolling under the flag seven new recruits, one of whom came to God in one of my previous meetings at Windsor. Hallelujah! Large crowds were very much against us. The first night the hall was crowded, and the last night was just about filled. The meetings were full of spirit and life. The Windsor comrades, although homeless, prove God's grace to help them, and they did sing and shout and testify. It would have done War Cry readers here resulted in four kneeling at Jesus' feet. Hallelujah!

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Yours to help to do it.

J. S. PUGMIRE,  
Provincial Officer.

# The Christmas War Cry, Surpassingly Interesting, is Coming!

ONLY FIVE CENTS.

ORDER OF THE CAPTAIN AT ONCE.

This morning (Monday) the Major is off for Windsor, to stand by our comrades there in their suffering, and Friday of this week he commences six days' revival services at No. 1. Afternoon and evening meetings will be held, and we are expecting God to come and visit us in a special manner, and break up the hard, barren, unfruitful soil. Look out for further reports from this part of the battle field. We are rising.

"RED RIDING HOOD."

For All Salvationists and Friends.

From the Women's Social Secretary.

We have been placed to great inconvenience through officers and friends sending girls to our Rescue Homes without first communicating with us.

We are always pleased to help any poor girl or little child, but arrangements MUST FIRST BE MADE. A telegram to us is not sufficient, a letter with full particulars and facts of the case must be sent and we will send reply immediately as to whether we have accommodation. Kindly, therefore, seek information from the matrons of our Homes, viz.: Staff-Capt. Coxon, Riverview Ave., London, Ont.; Adit. Just, 55 Elliott Road, St. John, N. B.; Adit. Holman, 232 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Que.; Ensign Beckstead, 466 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.; Adit. McDonald, 11 Church St., Halifax, N. S.; Ensign Tovell, 12 Pennywell St., St. Johns, Nfld.; Adit. Ward, 755 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.; Adit. Jordan, 39 Wentworth St., Hamilton, Ont.; Ensign Orchard, Rodney St., Helena, Mont.; Adit. Langtry, 232 4th Avenue, Spokane, Wash.; or Mrs. Hirdler, Road, Temple, James and Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

SECRETARY J. N. HYDE, who is, by consent of National Headquarters, New York, compiling an International group of S. A. officers from all parts of the globe, and who has already received a number of photos from Canada, desires a few more to complete the group. It would be advisable to send those photos that have been taken without the cap. This request is etc. all officers—men and women form the rank of Captain up. Address, Secretary J. N. Hyde, Box 461 Santa Clara, Cal.

The new Prefect of Police in Paris, France, has closed the dog show, and women to wear high hats at the theatres.





Self-Denial. Just few soldiers in our Council. Thus ended the C. O. P. P. O. Self-Denial trip through the Luskay and Bowmanville Districts, resulting in a good push-on for the noble S.-D. scheme.

Thanks are due to the District, Field, and Local Officers for the loyal manner in which they took hold of their targets. Then the soldiers', recruits', converts', and friends' kindness will not soon be forgotten.

J. R.

## Further Fighting of the Marine Band.

The Marine Band was commissioned to go forward and save souls, and praise His name; we are accomplishing our purpose.

After leaving Berlin we made our way across the country to a small village called Hawkesville. Here the operations of the Army are quite new, and of course our meeting was quite a novelty. We had a fine crowd.

Early next morning we made our way to Glenallen, and stopped on the way for dinner, the Band dividing and going to separate houses for dinner. At one farm where the Ensign and a few of the boys were staying, the old lady was passing a remark on the talking machine which Capt. Smith had had there a week before. She said that she thought it was

**A Very Dangerous Machine,**  
and that it surely must have a tongue,  
or else how could it talk. Of course we  
enlightened her upon the subject. We  
had a large crowd at Glenallen and a

Off again to Drayton. The roads were very hilly, but our horses are being trained for it and by prayer will do them any good they will get quite strong. Arriving at Drayton we found everything prepared for our visit. A large crowd in the open-air, and inside we had a large and appreciative audience. The Lord helped us to do something for eternity.

Listowel was the next corps. Here we had the barracks full, and a strong invitation to come again.

Palmerston was the scene of our next week-end battle, and we had the pleasure of Staff-Capt. Turner's presence here with us. Saturday night's musical meeting was pronounced by the people as

**The Best Yet.**  
Sunday all day was a day of power. Staff-Capt. Turner leaving. In the afternoon two young men volunteered out for a week.

for a season. At night everything seemed as if the devil had charge and was doing all in his power to frustrate our efforts to get sinners converted, but God was on our side, and one soul ventured out, making a total of three for the week-end. Now the nature of the Sunday meetings was the three minute sermons by Capt. Keeler, Redburn and Taylor, on how to get saved, to keep saved, and how to enjoy salvation. The substance of the will was a complete submission to the will of God; the second, watchfulness, prayer and obedience; of the third, consistency in all our dealings. God drove home the truths with the above results. **EUPHONIUM.**

BELLEVILLE. — Ensign and Mrs.

Wicker take charge. Good meetings. Spiritual tide rising. Soldiers getting more united. Four souls Sunday. War Crys sold out. Ensign is a hustler and a strong believer in faith and works. Praise God for all things. Believing for greater things. Amen.—The Goose.

### G. B. M. Provincial Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY.—St. Stephen, Nov. 6, 7; Collas, Nov. 8; Houton, Nov. 9; Woodstock, Nov. 10, 11; Fredericton, Nov. 12, 13, 14; Chatham, Nov. 15, 16; Newcastle, Nov. 17, 18; Campbellton, Nov. 19, 20, 21; St. John, Nov. 22.

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ENSIGN SIMS.—Sudbury, Nov. 13, 14, 15; Kingston, Nov. 17, 18; Gananoque, Nov. 19; Brockville, Nov. 20, 21; Prescott and outpost, Nov. 22, 23; Morrisburg, Nov. 24; Cornwall, Nov. 25, 26; Pearson, Nov. 27, 28, 29; St. Albans, Vt., Nov.

31, Dec. 1; Barre, Vt., Dec. 2, 3; Montpelier, Vt., Dec. 4, 5, 6; Newport, Vt., Dec. 7, 8.

**CAPT. CUMMINGS.**—Hamilton I, Nov. 6, 7; Hamilton II, Nov. 8; St. Catharines, Nov. 9, 10; Hamilton II, Nov. 11; Oakville, Nov. 12.

**LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!**  
**A**NY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SHERBORN, Cor. James and Adams.

# OUR ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND BEEFERS.

## Speaking Figures of War Cry Fight- ing on the Streets and in the Saloons.

NOTE.—Owing to the immense distances which have to be covered before the War Cry and Young Soldier reach their destinations, and the fact that three million copies of the Young Soldier and War Cry are issued annually, thus necessitating a big weekly issue, War Cry and Young Soldier sellers must not reckon on seeing their names appear for a month after their sale-toll is sent to the office—Bridgford Complin, Ed.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	380
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock (av. 2 wks)	230
Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks)	209
Mrs. Ensign Frazer, New Glasgow	191
Cadet Ian Strong, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks)	145
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa	145
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	125
Father Armstrong, St. John III, (av. 2 wks)	122
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	112
Ensign Raynor, Galt	110
Ensign Walker, Belleville	108
Lieut. Barron, Brandon	107
Mrs. Adj. Gale, Port Arthur	102
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Vancouver	100
Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, Mont.	96
Capt. Hill, Montreal II.	90
Ida Bezze, Clinton	85
Lieut. Thoen, Livingston, Mont.	85
Capt. Newell, Halifax I.	86
Ensign Stalger, St. Albans, Vt.	83
Mrs. Annan, New Glasgow	83
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke	83
Capt. Parker, Quebec	82
Cund. Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I.	80
Sergt. McQueen, North Sydney, (av. 2 wks)	75
Capt. Ryan, Kentville	73
Capt. Graham, Edmonton	71
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow	70
Lieut. Sparks, Fredericton	66
Bister Lancaster, Great Falls, (av. 3 wks)	65
Capt. Jackson, Pictou, N. S.	65
Sister Smith, Wallaceburg	63
Capt. Noland, Sherbrooke	61
Lieut. Bacon, Montreal I.	61
Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	60
Cadet Herringshaw, Rat Portage	56
Capt. French, Peterboro	56
Sergt. Crane, Fredericton	56
Sister Sullivan, Ottawa	56
Lieut. Krell, New Westminster, (av. 2 wks)	55
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph	54
Sister Gray, Galt	54
Adj. Aikenhead, Halifax I.	52
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	52
Capt. May, New Westminster	52
Capt. Clark, Fredericton	51
Sister Eva Ellison, Galt, (av. 2 wks)	51
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I, (av. 2 wks)	50
Father Dixon, Temple	50
Cadet Higdon, St. Johns I, Nfld., (av. 2 wks)	47
Cand. Ringler, Strathroy, (av. 2 wks)	47
Sister May Donovan, Fredericton	46
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa	46
Capt. McLeod, North Sydney, (av. 2 wks)	46
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	46
Sergt. Brass, Hamilton	46
Capt. Green, Summerside	43
Sister Winfrey, Fredericton	43
Sister Freeman, Montreal I.	42
Sergt. James Moors, Halifax I.	42
Cadet Anderson, Rat Portage	41
Sister May Robinson, Riverside	41
Sister Wyat, St. John's I, Nfld.	40
Sister Lidsden, St. John's I, Nfld.	40
Sergt. Gumble, Summerside	40
Capt. Layton, Listowel	40
Capt. Hinton, Listowel II	40
Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	38
Sister Mrs. Johnson, Missoula, (av. 2 wks)	37
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	37
Sister Rae, Woodstock, N. B.	37
Maud Wilson, Ottawa	36
Capt. Howcroft, Gravenhurst, (av. 2 wks)	36
Capt. A. W. Fyde, Cambridge	36
Sister Maund Dunstan, Wallaceburg	36
Emily Howell, Riverside	35
Cadet McKie, Pictou, N. S.	35
Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks, (av. 2 wks)	35
Capt. Hart, Temple	35
Cadet Geo. Morrison, Summerside	34
Lieut. Mowbray, Kentville	33
Cadet Howcroft, Gravenhurst, (av. 2 wks)	33
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	32
Sister Mo Ilroy, St. Thomas, Ont.	30
Sister May Harper, Montreal I.	30
Maggie Mackenzie, Cumberland	30
Sister Bowerman, Newmarket	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Sister Penny, St. John's I, Nfld.	30
Sister Florence Burdo, Lunenburg	30

Bro. Simpson, Regina	39
Sister Martin, St. Thomas	39
Lieut. Pynn, Walkerton	39
Mrs. Burke, Belleville	39
Lieut. Harrager, Grand Forks, (av. 2 wks)	39
Capt. LeDrew, Brandon, Man.	39
Beckio Bliss, Ottawa	39
Ensign Wright, Woodstock, N. B.	39
Sister Louie Scott, Guelph	39
Sergt. Douglass, Cornwall	39
Sergt. Verner, Ottawa	39
Capt. Wilkins, Rat Portage	39
Capt. Geo. Campbell, Galt	39
Sister Blanche Ferguson, Hamilton I.	39
Sister Mrs. Green, Peterboro	39
Sister Jennie Bowering, Peterboro	39
Sister Minnie Woods, Peterboro	39
Sister Fisher, St. John's I, Nfld.	39
Wm. Stevens, Riverside	39
Capt. Barker, St. Thomas	39
Sergt. M. Root, Belleville	39
Mrs. Jubio, Pictou, Ont.	39
Uncle George, Hants Co.	39
Sergt. Schuyder, Pembroke	39
Sister Barker, Fredericton	39
Lieut. Russell, Ottawa	39
Father Curry, Hamilton	39
Edgar M. Adams, Chelsea	39
Ensign Attwell, Riverside	39

We thought it strange the other week when we recorded the use to which a War Cry had been put, that it should stop an entire train, but the following sounds quite as strange, if not more so:—

A gent in hotel bought nine Crys and handed them to the bar-tender to give away to needy folks like himself. Next week I gained a sale for nine Crys on War Cry on the Hill of Farns for Sunday dinner. War Cry asked for and handed round. On enquiry at the hotel found statement correct. "Salvation brings War Cry," said the gent. A young man reads Cry on Tuesday after and buys a copy. Yours to push the Cry.—S. Rayner, Ensign.

P. F. has vivid recollections of roast pork and apple sauce, and even roast beef with mint sauce, but the above certainly commends itself as being both strikingly original and deliciously digestible. F. P. will take another hoping of the above excellent dish.

Every boomer who thinks fifty copies a good total for a new beginner fire a volley. That's the record of Sister Ellison, of Vancouver. Your booming comrades believe you, and will gladly make way for you to step in just where you like. It all rests with yourself. A good start is half the race, so many say. Prove it comrade.

"Crys sold out, first time for months." Whence this startling announcement? From Gravenhurst, where boometh the Howcroft's, Captain and Cadet. "We meet the trains and have good success." That sentiment is quite apt. Boy, is there a depot in your town? Try your skill at meeting trains, only take P. F.'s advice and "wait until the train stops."

How much more interesting our boomers would be, if we only had some photos. What do you think of it? You agree with P. F. Then let us have yours first.

Only to see your booming race, Oh, how it would P. F. please. This joy alone is all a crave. Only to see you.

### A Booming Incident.

The following is from our correspondent at Ingersoll:

The Rev. Mr. M.—is a practical friend of the War Cry. Capt. Ottawa on her beat on Saturday afternoon.

Captain, Harcourt Merchant, Clerks. Capt. to Merchant—"Will you have be Cry to-day?"

Merchant—"No, not to-day thank you." Let Clerk—"No thanks."

Enter Rev. Mr. M.—bought Crys for the Merchant and himself, with "never mind the change, Captain."

Also on market a short time ago, was War Cry from the Lioness, giving them away. "Bread cast upon the waters shall be seen after many days."

God bless our Church of England Rectory, M. K. Reg. Cor.

"Amén!" say boomers all.—(Ed.)

You didn't get to the "big go," and neither the big go nor us got anywhere near you, so the only thing left is for us to get you. War Cry will be taken them along boomers, cure will be informed of and returned if needed.

We shall endeavour to publish the result of the War Cry Race in an early issue, with particular as to prize, etc.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."—Rom. 15. 13.

Yours,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

## HONOR ROLL.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	380
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	230
Ensign Frazer, New Glasgow	191
Cadet Ian Strong, Winnipeg	145
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa	145
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	125
Father Armstrong, St. John III, (av. 2 wks)	122
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	112
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Sister Bowerman, Newmarket	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Sister Penny, St. John's I, Nfld.	30
Sister Florence Burdo, Lunenburg	30

## SHEA'S NOTES.

Do you let pass—into eternity—many of the opportunities you have for speaking or doing a little tiny bit for Jesus?

I am exceedingly sorry that I was not able to attend the meeting and lecture on Lightness, temperance and general industry when I was a child; but I can never be too old to learn and advance.

Has the everyday life you have lived been one of spiritual blessing to your neighbors?

I know two great ways to get blessed in my soul.—Praying over my Bible as I read it in secret, and speaking and praying in public at every opportunity.

Do you do all the good deeds, and say the good things you have the opportunity to every day?

Are you a winner? How had Jesus must feel about you, seeing His salvation has been spread all over the earth for so many years, and you still refuse to give Him your part?

Are you a Christian? How had the angels and the "Christians who have gone before" must feel as they behold the indolent, come-day-to-day manner in which you serve your Lord. Why don't you "up" and "live"?

God's eye beholds you continually, but you live daily—hourly—realizing He is present at your side, smiling on your sanctified life: or have you forgotten Him, and let self rule your life?



## SISTER MRS. SQUIRES, HANNOX, D

Our comrade and sister, Mrs. Squires, has been called to her eternal reward, passing away very suddenly, Monday, Oct. 31st. Her death was to have been expected in about two weeks, but it pleased God to enroll her with the blessed washed in heaven. We gave her an Army funeral. At the memorial service on Sunday a large crowd attended and we believe the Holy Spirit whispered to many a soul to be also ready.—J. M. Mercer, Capt.

## MRS. WARREN STANLEY, NORTH HEAD, N.B.

It is with sorrow we write of the death of our dearly beloved comrade, Mrs. Warren Stanley, who has been a faithful soldier for about twelve years. She had been a great sufferer for about three years, when her Heavenly Father saw fit to take her to Himself. Our hearts were filled with thankfulness to God that in the last hour she was testifying of Jesus, and had the assurance that she would dwell with Him in heaven. It was with sad hearts that we laid her remains in the grave. Our hearts went up in prayer to God that we might be kept true and faithful and meet her in Heaven.—A. Hiltche, Capt.

## SISTER WOOD, OF ST THOMAS, ONT.

I have just been privileged to be at the funeral of our dear comrade, Sister Wood, who after a long and lingering illness was promoted to glory on Saturday, Oct. 30th. Up to the last few minutes of her life she was conscious and cheerful, saying, "I am a cry, just too patient, I'll soon be gone."

In life she was a soldier for Christ which had its influence on all, especially her unsaved children, and at her death one was saved to say.

## "My God, Give Me Mother's Religion."

Her funeral service was short, yet impressive. We are anxious for someone to come forth and fill the gap in the ranks.—T. Ford Barker, Capt.

## DIED AT SARNIA

One of our old veterans, John Luxton, in the sixty-third year of his age, after some months of severe illness and pain from rheumatism, went home to glory to receive his reward for carrying the colors for his Lord and King. A more faithful Sergeant and warrior would be hard to find while health permitted. All who were acquainted with Sarnia will remember Color-Sergt. John Luxton at the front of the war.

## SISTER MRS. JOIN MERCER, GLANCE BAY, C.B.

It is with feelings of profound regret that we have to record this week the death of our much loved comrade, Mrs. John Mercer. About six years ago, as Mr. Roberts comes, Nfld., I first formed acquaintance with Mrs. Mercer (then Fanny Parsons). During my command at that corps she held the position of J. S. Sergt.-Major, and always carried the colors for her Lord and King. Many a time have I been greatly blessed while listening to her words of testimony and watching her face, as someone remarked, like the face of an angel. Her illness was very brief, only one week, and then the silver cord was loosed and the spirit of our dear sister fled away to the realms of bliss. We gave her an Army funeral as she had wished, and was very de-agreeable to a number attended to the service. As we stood around the open grave we pledged ourselves afresh to God, to live, fight and die for our Lord and King, and to be ready to give our lives for the salvation of the world, and the motherless babe.

## In Memoriam.

Gone from all the din of battle,  
Gone from all the strife of sin,  
Gone to wear the crown immortal,  
Gone to be with Christ, her King.  
Gone where leaves do never wither,  
Gone where joys can never fade,  
Gone to wave the palm of victory,  
Gone to be in white arrayed.

Bye-and-bye, beloved comrade,  
When our work and toll is o'er,  
We shall greet you with rejoicing,  
On the bright eternal shore.

—J. Penny, Ensign; A. Bradbury, Capt.



# SALVATION SHOUTS



Sinner, come and with us start,  
With your old companions part,  
Come and serve with all your heart,  
Blessed Jesus!

Florence Halscy, Secretary,  
Riverhead, L. I.

## THE SINNER'S VICTORY.

Tune.—Above the rest.

4 Christ gave His life for you and me,  
His blood it flows to set us free;  
Why, then, in sin do you remain?  
You may be saved through His dear name.

Chorus.

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow Me!"  
(Repeat.)

Sinner, you must submit to Him  
Before you can this pardon win;  
Then cry, "O Lord, look down on me,  
Through Jesus I now come to Thee!"

The loved ones who have gone before  
Now wait for me upon the shore;  
When fighting days on earth are o'er,  
We then shall meet to part no more.

Oh, sinner, will you come to-day  
And start upon the Heavenly way?  
Then you a crown of life shall wear,  
And all the joys of Heaven share.

M. Andrewwood.

Tune.—There is a better world (R. J. 11, 2).

5 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come to Me, come to Me,  
I am the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Come to Me, come to Me.  
My blood was shed on Calvary's tree  
That you from sin quite free might be,  
And dwell in Heaven eternally.  
Come to Me! Come to Me!

"The way to you my not seem bright,  
Look to Me! Look to Me!  
You'll always find in Me the light,  
Look to Me! Look to Me!  
For I have trod the way before  
So let your trust in Me be sure,  
I'll lead you safe to Heaven's shore,  
Look to Me! Look to Me!

"And when the storms of life are o'er  
You shall come to Me, You shall come to Me  
And when the robe and crown of gold  
You have won! You have won!  
You with the angel host shall sing  
All glory, honor to our King  
Who did for us salvation bring.  
Through His blood! Through His blood!

T. Haynes, Belfast, IV.

Tune.—Come to Jesus.

6 Weary sinner, come to Jesus,  
Hear Him calling now for thee,  
He has died to purchase freedom  
For a sinner, such as thee.

Chorus.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Weary sinner, hear the call,  
At the cross lay down your burden,  
Let the Saviour take it all.

Though so long your Lord you've  
sighted,  
Still with arms extended wide,  
He stands waiting now to save you,  
Will you hasten to His side?

Now's the time to come to Jesus,  
While He's waiting at the door,  
Soon your chains will go forever,  
You will hear His voice no more.

Oh, how sad 'twill be to meet Him,  
With your garments stained with sin,  
While the current still is flowing,  
Enter in and be made clean.

Sergt. Lizzie Allard, Uxbridge.

Many commit sin and blame the devil.

Manners you may have, though you have no manners.

Many a good drop of broth may come out of an old pot.

When some people have nothing to say they seem to talk much.

## GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

LETTERS of welcome and encouragement have been coming in thick and fast this week, and I sincerely thank my comrades and friends for their kindly interest. It is indeed appreciated.

From London Mayor Sornham writes: "Shall be glad to do anything I can to promote the interest of the G. B. M. in this Province."

Your old friend of the department, Brigadier Head, of the C. O. P., in his hearty fashion says: "I am exceedingly pleased at your appointment." "Have been for a long time in charge of this branch and although I left it, will not allow the interest from my side to lessen. Rely upon me for any effort or scheme you think necessary to advance. You are all saying, 'God bless him.'"

Brigadier Bennett, from the North-West, writes: "I notice your appointment to the G. B. M. Secretaryship, and you can rely upon me helping you all in these matters."

Not only are the Provincial Secretaries in hearty sympathy with us, but cheering notes come from the Provincial Agents also.

Ensign Perry says: "Allow me, as the Eastern Provincial Agent, to extend you a welcome. I am sure you will find the Eastern Local Agents as a whole a band that will practically help you in this grand scheme for raising funds to help the fallen."

Capt. Cummins: "I welcome you to the position of Light Brigade Secretary, and hope that you shall be all the blessing to the Provincial Agents, as well as the Box-holders, that your soul desires to be. I shall pray for you."

Our comrades far and near will be sorry to hear that Ensign Sims, who has worked so nobly and accomplished so much for God in the C. O. P., is com-

pelled for family reasons to go home to England on furlough. I am sure our united prayers will follow him, and we hope to have the pleasure of grasping his hand in welcome in the not far distant future.

Ensign Barr, of the Pacific Province, has handed over the reins to his successor, who is no other than Adjt. Hay, of Ontario fame. In addition to his duties in connection with the Junior Soldiers' War, he becomes the Provincial Agent of the Light Brigade for the far West. With the opening of the new Men's Shelter in Spokane, and not forgetting the needs of Victoria and Vancouver Shelters, the Rescue Homes in Helena and Spokane, there is abundant need for all the assistance that the boxes can give to "poor Lazarus" at the above institutions. God bless Adjt. Hay.

A ring at the bell and the door is opened to admit Capt. Huxtable, who has recently taken charge of Richmond. After a little conversation about the "Mother Corps," the conversation turns upon the subject of the Light Brigade (which it is sure to do when one is really interested) and the Captain assures me that although this branch is not quite as flourishing as it might be at his corps, there is every probability of it improving. His face brightens up when he tells me that there is a number of homes into which the little box could gain admission and I know of two sister comrades who would make fine Local Agents.

Comrades of the Field, remember, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

Although there have been some resignations, there have also been quite a number of new Agents appointed, among them being:—R. W. Cornish, of Ontario; Sister Bailey, of Brighton (who is taking her father's place); Mrs. P. Poole, of Peversham; Bro. J. Thompson, of Cagaway; Walter Knight (a Methodist friend of Burk's Falls); Mr. McClurg, of Warton; Mrs. Bowerman, of Newmarket; Mrs. John Walker, of Waterville, N. S.; Mr. P. Jean, of Liverpool, N. S.; Sister Lucy Ayraut, Halifax, N. S.; Bro. Austin Vaughn, Kentville, N. S.; Bro. Horton, Amherst, N. S.; Bro. Cossitt, Sydney; Mrs. Phillips, Joliette, N. B.; Sister Susie Rode, St. Thomas, N. D.

## The Local Officer

Is the name of the latest addition to our periodicals. It will be issued monthly, and will be for Local Officers of all ranks, Sergeant-Majors, Sergeants, Bandmasters, Secretaries, Treasurers, etc., to whom it will be invaluable and most interesting.

A specimen copy is being forwarded to the officer in charge of every Corps. Have a good look at it, and then give your subscription to the Captain, who will forward the same promptly.

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## CLANSE ME NOW.

Tune.—Precious Name, oh, how sweet.

1 Lord, I make a full surrender,  
All I have I give to Thee;  
With Thy love so rich and tender,  
Come and ever live in me.

Chorus.

Cleanse me now; cleanse me now!  
Blessed Jesus, cleanse me now!  
Cleanse me now; cleanse me now!  
Blessed Jesus, cleanse me now!

Long my heart has sighed to know  
Thee  
In Thy fullness as my own;  
And to never doubt or grieve Thee,  
But to live for Thee alone.

Often I have grieved Thee sorely,  
And the thought now gives me pain;  
But the blood now flowing o'er me  
Cleanses me from every stain.

From this moment I will serve Thee,  
And Thy soldier I will be;  
By the Holy Spirit nerve me,  
Help me ever faithful be.  
Staff-Capt. J. C. Ludgate.

Tunes.—Euphony (B. J. 138, 1); Eaton (B. J. 167, 2); Madria (B. J. 176, 2); Stella.

2 O Love! Thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;  
Covered is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me.

While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,  
Though joys be withered all, and dead;  
Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my steadfast soul relies:  
Father! Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fall and flesh decay;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain  
When earth's foundations melt away;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

## BLESSED JESUS.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

3 Saviour, as we hear Thy call,  
And we down before Thee fall,  
Oh, come now and cleanse us all,  
Blessed Jesus!

We have learned to love Thy voice,  
And we always can rejoice,  
Since of Thee we've made our choice,  
Blessed Jesus!

Chorus.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus:  
Thou art with us day and night,  
As we in Thy service fight;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus:  
Help us all to do the right,  
Blessed Jesus!

Keep our hearts from every fear,  
Help us make the story clear,  
While Thy praise rings far and near,  
Blessed Jesus!

# HELP

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

**MORE SORROW.**

Genesis XVII.

Extraordinary Orders Again.

**P**RIVATELY Joseph gave orders that every man's sack was to be well filled, all the money returned as being in his own silver cup put into the sack of the youngest. This strange action was no doubt to see how the brethren would act towards Benjamin, thus placed in such a defenceless position, and whether their conduct was worthy of further help.

God often tests people in various ways, as Joseph did his brethren, to see if they can be trusted.

The Journey Interrupted.

In the early morning the party set out again, for journeys in the East are generally made in the cool of the day, either morning or evening rest being necessary in the heat. They would probably start in good spirits, and on the way talk over the happy recollections of their late good treatment they had received. But they were arrested by the approach of Joseph's servant, who astonished them by accusing them of theft. The reference to the divining power of the missing cup is explained by the fact that the Egyptians were a very superstitious people, keeping a cup which was supposed to reveal future events. Of course Joseph used his for drinking purposes only.

Indignant Denial.

The brothers did their best to convince the servant that they were not guilty of the charge he brought against them. They were so sure that it was all a mistake that they willingly consented to be searched and all punished if his statements were true. But the steward said that only the one in whose property the cup was found should be his master's prisoner.

Disappointment and Dismay.

They were confident that their innocence would be proved, but how different it was. He (the steward) would have with the eldest and their hopes rise, but as in the sack of Benjamin Joseph's cup is found, imagine their horror. Their hopes dashed to the ground, they felt they could never face their suffering and aged father again.

Grief.

Rending their clothes was a sign of great sorrow.

Although the steward would have allowed the rest to go home they would not let Benjamin be taken to Egypt alone, which was another proof that their feelings were so true, how toward their father's favorite son.

Judah's Pleading.

Judah could not explain the mystery, though he knew they were innocent of this particular charge. When he speaks of the discovery of iniquity he is evidently thinking of the past great sin which they committed.

His aspersions his apparent sternness Joseph must have felt since he saw how much better they treated Benjamin than they had long ago treated himself, especially as Judah pleaded so earnestly for some reprieve of the dreadful verdict. Judah reminded the governor of what had happened on their first visit to Egypt, and then of the great difficulty which they had had as he attempted to force them to allow Benjamin to come. As he described the home scene Joseph learnt that he was mourned as dead by his father. Depict his feelings, Judah told him the sorrow which return without Benjamin would surely hasten the old man's death.

Joseph discovers that Judah had solemnly pledged himself for his brother—the same Judah—who had been so cruel to himself when a lad. Now Judah is truly repentant of the past, and is willing even to die for his brother, and for the sake of his old father. What a change!

All Judah's words point to the wonderfully meek and softened spirit which he had taken possession of the brothers, who once headed a mob, and who had learned much through the anxiety and privation of the famine. God has to bring some people to their consciences by hunger, as in the case of the prodigal son.

QUESTIONS.

1. What do you think was the reason Joseph put the cup into the sack of Benjamin?
2. Why were the brothers so sorry that the cup was found in that sack?
3. Why would Joseph be especially

# FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!!!

By BRIGADIER SCOTT, late of the Maritime Provinces.

**T**he meeting was taking under the way. Things appeared to point in the direction of success and blessing.

Suddenly two men left the hall. Queries arise as to why they left. It was only a few minutes before we learned the cause. Voices outside, and shouts of "Fire!" soon quelled our sittings. Clearly the cry rang out.

**Fire! Fire!!**

The meeting was broken up. Excitement appeared high on every hand. People ran eagerly to see the fire. From all quarters they came.

Some to help, and some to fight, Some to put the wrong to right, Some to struggle, some to save, Some to stop the awful wave Of fire and destruction.

Some to watch, and some to pray, Some to put the fire away, Some to look, to watch, to gaze, While others worked to stop the blaze Of fire and destruction.

"What was it?" came the question from a good many quarters. "A factory." "Any insurance?" "None whatever."

These are a few expressions that escape the lips of the multitude, as they watched the dreadful calamity that night. Sympathy poured forth from all hearts and no one stood there but what felt in deep sympathy with the owner in his loss.

The firemen like heroes dashed into their work with real enthusiasm. They fought, worked, toiled and counted not their lives dear unto them, that they might save, and put out the fire. The crowd assisted.

Some did help the firemen brave, Some the house and things to save, Some to dash upon the wave, And move with heart and soul to save From fire and destruction.

See the men with toll and care 'Till the ladders. Watch! Look there! Hurry up, the water pass, There she goes, hark! Crash, crash, crash.

Through fire and destruction.

'Till it is without a doubt, Never mind, think what we're about, We to save the house must try, For ourselves we have no sigh, Save we must From fire and destruction.

See that man the dangers brave, Watch the eagerness to save, The house, the things inside so dear, And bless all hands with joy and cheer. And peace and satisfaction.

It was not a question of theory or sentimentalism. No! not by any means. It was not a sermon as much as a shout. Not a prayer so much as a practice. Not advice so much as aid. Not watch so much as work.

It was not a question of consultation, nor the formation of a committee, nor the singing of "Hocks of agns, cleft for me."

No! It was a fight, a desperate encounter, a conflict.

glad to hear Judah pleading so earnestly for his brother?

4. What means does God often use to bring His wandering children to a sense of their true position?

MEMORY TEXT.

"God hath found out the iniquity."

## Three Young Men and Their Quest.

The wise old Hassan sat at his door, when three young men passed eagerly by.

"Are you following after anyone, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the eldest.

"I am after Riches," said the second.

"Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

Not to talk so much as tackle, not to fight, not words so much as war. There was the need. There was the fire, and quick to save, to stop the flames, was what was wanted.

Men were wanted with heart, feeling and brain. Men of fancy fads, and whims of opinions, notions and namby-pamby-ism would be of little use in such a case. Men of war, daring, fire, and undaunted enthusiasm would fill the bill much better.

Yes, that's it.

To save, we must be saved.

My comrades, is there not a fire, a fire on earth as well as in hell. A fire that destroys and consumes?

The soul for whom the Saviour died, The heart purchased by Christ too crucified.

The Spirit dear to Him above, The life so precious that could love

God, man, and all creation.

It burns within the heart of man, It leads him to hell's utter plan.

And curses home, wife, children dear, Hell, devils, urge him on with cheer.

Until he's damned forever.

Have you not seen a fire?

Has it not been exhibited in your meetings, in your visitation, your open-air, and your untiring bombardment of sinners?

Ab, that you have. What a beautiful thing it would be if the fire was out. Glorious!

To put out the FIRST would save from the SECOND.

Understand, that you cannot put out the latter, but you can stop the supplies.

Are you in earnest to do this?

Are you full of excitement to put out the fire?

Am I desperately enthusiastic over your business? Are you daring?

To save all men from death and sin To stop the crowd that hell must win, Unless through saint and sinner brave They're brought from sin, death, and the grave.

To Christ and God's salvation.

Dash to the rescue, dare to save, Excitement from the Saviour gave.

Dustion to snatch, passion to take, All blood-bought souls for Jesus sake.

To Christ and God's salvation.

If it is necessary to put forth such efforts to put out the material fire, to save the property, is it not of more importance to put out the fire of hell—sin? Do you not realize the loss to raise the fallen? Ah, ten thousand times it is!

Oh, my comrades, does the burning passion for souls rule you life?

Does the soul of His house entice you up?

Are you on fire?

What we want is more desperation.

We know sin abounds.

We know there are sinners.

No matter how we stir it up, or paint it, or decorate it, it is sin at the same.

We call a spade a spade.

Sin is sin.

Not only are we aware of sin existing, but we realize its power and its loss.

God to save sinners.

Your day and time will soon be gone.

At the longest it will only be short.

That you do, we need. Be earnest, be freed from form and sentimentalism.

Seek a baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, and let the love of Christ and

Calvary absorb your whole time and attention to save the souls for whom He died.

"And bring them to His open side, The sheep for whom their Shepherd died."

"My son," he said to the eldest, "methinks thou wert the youth, who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou

overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man.

"Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou," continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure was always ever by my side."

"It is always with thee, the old man."

"Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues."

She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and she who make Duty

her companion have always the companionship of Pleasure."

When people find out that it is blessed to give, they never want to stop.

**F**OR the individual believer, and, above all, for every laborer in the God's vineyard, the only way to obtain spiritual power is by secret waiting at the throne of God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Every moment spent in real prayer is a moment spent in refreshing the fire of God in the soul. We said before, that this fire cannot be simulated; nothing else will produce its effects. No more can the means of obtaining it be feigned. Nothing but the Lord's own appointed means; nothing but "waiting at the throne;" nothing but keeping the heart under the eyes of the Lamb, be again, and again, and again penetrated by His spirit, can put the soul into that condition in which it is a meet instrument to impart the light and power of God to other men.

## "BONES OF IRON."

**A**N Australian Major thus addressed his comrades in the Self-Denial Campaign. "Comrades in Arms,—For this great Self-Denial battle I send greetings to you. At this hour the fire of enthusiasm is burning, and the glowing benevolence of Jesus Christ, like a passion possessing your very soul. Let 'Excelsior' be your motto! Take notice of many who use much care and do nothing, but are like floating icebergs—chilling or melting to check the devoted, consecrated effort of those who join you. Be a moving pillar of fire, set your love to the pure Calvary sort. Perish discretion, when it interferes with duty. Your soldiers are telling, and they need bodies as vigorous as the oxen, and like Seneca's man, ribs of brass, bones of iron, sinews of steel; but God can so empower him or her, and strengthen them for the duty. And pray daily in the language of the poet:

"Hold may I wax, exceeding bold, My high commission to perform."

It is not the coming of the day, it is wanted, but action. Difficulties must inspire determination. Daily individual action must be the order of the day until the Angel of Victory shall spread her wings over every faithful, loyal, hard-working Salvationist.—J. Berkinshaw, Major.

## ESSENTIAL ISOLATION.

**W**HEN a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of isolation, he takes a glass jar, and with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. The glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire—the electric fluid. If the jar is not tight, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth; but when isolated from it, he retains all that enters him. You see, my friends; how you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently you are challenged to the proof of it—asked to come near and hold your hand close to the person. When you do so a spark of fire, but only a spark of fire, if you then would have your soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come nigh to thee shall feel some mysterious influence proceeding out from thee, thou must draw high to the source of that power, to the throne of God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself out from the world—that cold world, when so swiftly steals our fire away. Enter the city, close, and shut thyself out from the world, isolated "before the Throne," await the baptism; then the fire shall fill thee, and when thou comest forth, holy power will attend thee, and thou shalt labor not in thine own strength, but "with demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

When we detail our troubles to another, we magnify them to ourselves; when we keep them quiet in subjection, they sink in importance.

Let no false shame hold the most timid soldier back from collecting for Self-Denial, as we need no, to be ashamed to ask for His cause anything from anybody. Collecting for Self-Denial is the true test of humility.

A tedious, monotonous preacher had exhausted the patience of his hearers by an elaborate dissertation on the "Four R's," as the prophet, then, to be asked, he passed on to the minor and asked, "And now, my brethren, where shall we place Hosea?" A man rose from the congregation and answered, "You can place him here, sir, I'm off."

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